



SOCIETY and PERSONAL ACTIVITIES of WOMEN



SOCIETY

A picnic dinner was served at noon to 25 members of the Woman's Missionary society of the Conference Memorial U. B. church, who held an all day picnic Friday at Pottawatomie park. The devotionals were led by Mrs. L. F. Gerber, and Mrs. D. O. Miller reviewed the last chapter of the Study book. The remainder of the afternoon was occupied with the business meeting. A meeting of the society will take place Sept. 2 with Mrs. C. E. Kuncie, 1403 S. Main st. Papers will be given on a medical mission.

Mrs. Dora Carson, 1615 S. Main st., entertained 12 members of the Wana Sewing circle at her home Friday afternoon. During the business session plans were made to give a card party in the W. O. W. hall Tuesday afternoon. The remainder of the afternoon was spent socially, favors in the contests going to Mrs. Catherine Clark, Miss Millard Clark and Mrs. Dora Carson. Mrs. Catherine Clark, 212 Duval av., will entertain the circle in two weeks.

Mrs. Dora Carson, C. J. Johnson and A. Anderson were hostesses to 37 members of the Woman's society of the First Baptist church at Studebaker park Friday afternoon. Miss Cora Pace gave a historical sketch on the "Old Baptist Missionaries in Indiana," and Mrs. A. Kinyon a talk on "Indiana Woman in Foreign Fields." Refreshments were served to the guests during the social hour. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Peter Goethals, Pleasant st., River Park.

Miss Mary McCarthy, 226 S. Scott st., complimented Miss Gertrude Baumgartner whose marriage will take place next week, with a miscellaneous shower at her home Friday evening. Snappers and gadolets were used in decorating the rooms. Prizes in the two contests were won by Miss Baumgartner and Miss Margaret Bremer. A buffet luncheon was served at the close of the evening to eight guests.

L. A. Baly, an accomplished pianist of New York City, who is visiting at the home of W. H. Evans, 1038 Woodward av., was the honor guest at a family dinner at the Evans home Friday evening. Mr. Baly and Mr. Evans are alumni of the University of Illinois.

The Bernhardt family will hold their annual reunion Sunday at the home of Jacob Bernhardt, 723 W. Wayne st., when his 84th birthday anniversary will be celebrated. Fifteen members are expected to attend.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Orpha Belle Hall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hall, of Plymouth, Ind., and Chalmers Bernell Ridenour, of Cleveland, Tenn., son of J. H. Ridenour, of Bryan, O., which took place at 10 o'clock Thursday morning at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. E. Yeager, pastor of the United Brethren church, of Plymouth, officiating. The bride wore a becoming traveling suit of navy blue, with a small black hat.

Mr. and Mrs. Ridenour left immediately for points in Ohio and Tennessee and will be at home after Aug. 10 at 211 Central av., Cleveland, Tenn.

Fifty members of the Calvary Baptist church enjoyed a picnic supper at Leeper park Thursday evening. Among the guests were Rev. and Mrs. P. J. Parsons, of Indianapolis. Rev. Parsons, who was a former pastor of Calvary church and who now holds the position of editor of the Baptist Observer, will preach at the Calvary church Sunday morning.

Members of the Efficiency class of the Still M. E. church were entertained Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Lee Keltner at their home, 2621 S. Michigan st., assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Louis Karr. After the regular business session, games and contests were featured, favors being awarded Mr. and Mrs. Haskel Smith, Mrs. Thomas Fansler, Mrs. Clara Bunch and Harry Barber. Announcement of the next meeting will be made later.

Miss Lucille Hardman, 629 Diamond av., entertained 12 of her young friends Thursday afternoon at Leeper park in celebration of her

ADVICE TO GIRLS

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:— I am a young school teacher, 23 years old. I have been teaching in a small country town for three years and have been very lonely often.

When I was in training school I was very popular, and I had many young men friends. In fact, I was engaged to a splendid man whom I loved with all my heart.

However, I felt it my duty to pay back in some small part all that my parents had done for me, and I asked my fiancé to wait. He finally consented to let me teach, but soon after I had gone to my country school he broke the engagement and married my room-mate. I have heard since that he said "he couldn't marry a school ma'am."

Why is it men are so afraid of a school teacher? What would you advise me to do? Shall I leave my profession and take up a business course? All the young office girls seem to have plenty of young men friends.

Perhaps some other teacher will read this and take comfort in your advice. JUNE.

JUNE:— You have chosen a very noble and helpful profession, my dear, and I see no reason for giving it up if you are interested in it. Your position does not make you retain friends for you, it's you, yourself.

You admit you had many friends in training school. And why

12th birthday. The guests were Florence Clety, Florence Cowell, Theodora Kenyon, Gladys Jester, Nadine Mitchell, Anna Lurie, Vivian Rhodes, Howard Mitchell, Donald Hardman, Everett Hardman, Irah Kizer and Richard Hardman.

Announcements

The Ever Faithful church of the Maple Grove M. E. Sunday school will hold their monthly meeting at the home of Miss Lena Fisher, Olive Branch rd., Saturday afternoon.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. William Bender, 404 W. Lasalle av., and Mr. and Mrs. George Miltenberger, 714 Cleveland av., left today for Lake Maxinkuckee, where they will be guests over the week-end at a house party at the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. George Sherman.

Rev. and Mrs. T. J. Parsons, of Indianapolis, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Wickey, 1506 Lincoln way. W. Dr. Parsons was pastor of the Baptist church several years ago, and will occupy the pulpit there Sunday morning.

W. P. McHenry 230 W. Washington av., motored to Greenville, O., today for a few days' visit with his sister, Mrs. W. S. Moore.

Dr. and Mrs. James L. Gardiner, 831 W. Colfax av., returned Friday afternoon for a seven weeks' western trip, including Portland, Ore., Tacoma, Seattle and Olympia, Wash., also stopping at Mt. Ranier. While in Portland they were guests of Mrs. Gardiner's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Joshua Stansfield. Dr. Stansfield is pastor of the First Methodist church at Portland. The trip from Portland to the other cities was made by motor. Dr. Gardiner will occupy the pulpit at St. Paul's church Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Ollier, 825 E. Jefferson Blvd., are entertaining eight guests at a house party over this week-end. The guests, all from Detroit, are Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Long, Mr. and Mrs. Haines Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Schiappacasse and Mr. and Mrs. Irving Huston.

Friday afternoon Mrs. Ollier entertained at tea from 4 to 6, complimenting the ladies of the party, at her home, and Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. Ollier and their guests formed a dinner party at the Chain O'Lakes Country club. Pink roses made the attractive decoration for the table.

Mrs. W. J. East, 751 Leland av., was hostess to 11 at the Country club dinner, and Mrs. E. Louis Kuhne, 1403 E. Jefferson Blvd., to five guests.

Mrs. C. E. Meyers and Miss Marie Meyers, 528 S. Main st., have returned from Chicago, where they visited the Pageant of Progress.

shouldn't you have them now?

Your fiancé was not worthy of your affection. If he had been he would have waited for you. Don't let your experience with him embitter you.

There are lots of fine young men in the world who have married school teachers, and there are many more who will continue to marry young women in your profession. Be sympathetic, good-natured, agreeable, and do all you can to make others happy, and you will not lack friends, I'm sure.

Dear Annie Laurie:

I am a widow 28 years old and am engaged to a man who is rather quarrelsome. We have broken our engagement 2 times, but he always comes back telling me that he cannot live without me.

I have another friend who is a widower and never quarrels with me, but he inspires me with fear. I think I love them both. Blue Eyes, Blue Eyes: In your present state of mind I would advise you to stay single, until you are sure which man you really care for. Never marry a man with a bad disposition if you know it, for there is too much to forgive.

Dear Annie Laurie:

I am a young girl and have been corresponding for several months with a boy who was in high school with me. He moved away about a year ago and we have always been good friends. Suddenly he has stopped writing to me. I know that he is not ill or that he is not interested in any one else, and I am wondering if I should write again. I am going to visit his town soon. Should I let him know? Timid: Perhaps it would be best to let the affair drop until you go to visit in his town. If he makes no effort to see you after your friends inform him of your intended visit, you will know that he does not wish to continue the friendship.

Dear Annie Laurie:

I am a girl in my teens and have a fine boy friend who has been very nice to me for about a year. He has called on me regularly until just recently. One of his friends told me that he did not care for me any more but he is not reliable and I do not know whether to believe him or not. Should I ask him about it when he does come or just let him go? Bobbie: If I were you I would ignore the fact that he does not come regularly any more, for the average young man does not like to be sought. Just let him see that you can live without him by going out with the other young men and if he cares he will soon let you know it by his efforts to get you to be the same friend you were before.

Dear Annie Laurie:

About a year ago I met a young man whom I went with several times. One night while we were in the Oriental Inn he asked to see my ring—a white sapphire, given me as a gift by a soldier who was killed in France—after a little discussion he managed to get the ring from me. Not long ago I saw him and asked him for it but he said he didn't have it with him, although at the same time I noticed it on the hand of a young lady who was accompanying him. What steps shall I take to regain the ring? The Loser: It would be perfectly proper for you to write the young man a note and tell him that you wish the ring without any further delay, and then if he makes no effort to return it, you will be at liberty to take other steps to recover it.

stopping on their return trip at Laporte, where they visited with relatives.

Harry McDonald and Tobias Wright are attending the Pageant of Progress in Chicago this week. Mr. and Mrs. William Bender, 623 S. St. Joseph st., are at Winona lake.

Rev. and Mrs. U. S. Davis, 215 W. Wayne st., are visiting friends at Winona lake.

Mrs. M. K. Morris, College st., returned Friday from Winona lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Urbahn and children, 718 Lincoln way W., have returned from a 10-day motor trip through the west. They visited California, Oregon, Washington and spent a week in the Yellowstone.

Mrs. Mattie Egner, W. Navarre st., is spending two weeks at Flint, Mich.

E. F. Looney, of Indianapolis, superintendent of the Postal Telegraph Co. of Indiana, is spending a few days in the city.

Mrs. Mary E. Collins, of Champaign, Ill., who has been a guest of Mrs. C. L. Copp, 708 California av., has returned to her home accompanied by Mrs. Copp and daughter, Miss Grace Rough. They will make the trip by motor and will visit Chicago and Milwaukee.

Miss Beatrice E. Weiss of Dunkirk, N. Y., who has been studying with Rudolph Ganz, in Chicago, is spending a month at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rauszek, 923 W. LaSalle av.

Godfrey Lovett, 237 N. Main st., has returned from Mt. Vernon, N. Y., where he has been visiting relatives.

Miss Nellie McElrath, is spending a month in Chicago and Decatur, Ill. Miss Bernice Gemberling, 820 E. Colfax av., has returned from Escanaba, Mich., where she has been spending a month.

I am a radical nationalist anti-imperialist anti-collectivist distributivist Christian social democrat.—G. K. Chesterton, British author.

The total expenditures of the United States during the year ending June 30, 1921, was \$5,115,000,000.

South Bend Review Number 4 members and children will picnic at Pottawatomie park Tuesday afternoon. Take dishes, sandwiches and one article for the table. Supper at six.

Try NEWS-TIMES Want Ads

UNCLE WIGGILY

The Story of Billie's Popper

By HOWARD R. GARIS

Once upon a time, as Uncle Wiggily was hopping through the woods, he met Billie Wagtail, the little boy goat. Billy looked rather sad and forlorn, shuffling along and kicking his hoofs in the dirt, and Uncle Wiggily knew, right away, that something must be the matter.

"What happened, Billie?" he asked the little boy goat.

"Oh, I—I had to—now—sorter stay in after school," spoke Billy, slow like and unpretentious.

"You had to stay in after school?" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Why, how was that? I didn't know you had school during vacation."

"Schlilly summer school. We don't go every day," Billie explained. "But when we do go we have to behave just like in regular school. It's real nice, Uncle Wiggily, summer school. The lady mouse teaches and we don't have to study very hard and maybe you'd like to come and—"

"Yes, I know, that's all very well," interrupted the bunny. "But why did you have to stay in?"

"Oh—er—I—I was sorter hoping you'd forget that," stammered Billie. "Well, I had to stay in for making a popper and popping it."

"Do you mean pop corn?" Uncle Wiggily asked.

"No," and Billie shook his horns sideways. "I made a snapper, or popper out of some birch bark, which was as thin as paper. I trimmed the popper and I popped it, like when you blow up a paper bag and burst it, you know."

"Yes," agreed Uncle Wiggily. "I know. But you shouldn't have popped the popper in school."

"Yes, I know that, too," bleated Billie with a half laugh. "I won't make any more poppers, for it isn't any fun to be kept in after school when the other fellows go swimming."

"Well, suppose you come for a walk with me," said Uncle Wiggily. So Billy did, and as the two friends trudged through the woods, the goat boy told how he took a smooth piece of birch bark, and by folding it as you do to make soldier hats and boats, only a little differ-



"Gurr-gup!" snarled the Bob Cat

ently, he made the "poppers" as he called them.

"But never again!" bleated Billie. He and Uncle Wiggily were having a good time in the woods, eating wild strawberries, and Mr. Longears was thinking of giving Billie a penny on account of the goat boy having felt badly at being kept in when all of a sudden, out from behind the sassafras bush jumped the bad old Bob Cat.

"Gurr-gup!" snarled the Bob Cat, as he grabbed Uncle Wiggily by the ears. "Now for some good chewing!"

"Cheewing!" cried the bunny. "Cheewing? Why, you haven't any gum to chew, have you?"

"I don't need gum! I don't need gum!" snickered the Bob Cat. "I'm going to chew your ears!"

"Oh, will you please let me go?" begged Mr. Wiggily as he noticed, out of the corner of his eyes, that Billie was sneaking away through the bushes.

"Nope! I'll not let you go until I chew and nibble your ears!" snarled the Bob Cat.

"Well, perhaps my little goat friend will run off and get Policeman Dog Percival," thought Uncle Wiggily. "If he doesn't—good-by to my ears. That's all, I guess," he thought sadly.

"Get ready, now, I'm going to

Revelations of A Wife

By ADELE GARRISON

Dicky's quick footsteps sounded in the hall outside before Lillian and I had finished discussing her plan for aiding me in the tasks of finding a new abode and moving.

"Don't hint a word of it until after dinner," Lillian cautioned, shrewdly.

I nodded in comprehending acquiescence. Experience had taught me the same truth.

"Aren't you dressed yet?" Dicky demanded through the closed door. "You had a good quarter-hour start of me, and here I am clothed and in my right mind, while you—"

"Keep your necktie on!" Lillian advised crisply, opening the door, and advancing into the hall. "Madge was arrayed to the last hairpin before you came up the stairs."

"Then the League of Nations executives had better send for you both," Dicky retorted. "There isn't a problem in this world but the world by now."

Lillian shot him a keen glance before she answered. "I wondered if she had any inkling of Dicky's new attitude toward our friendship, his resentment of the aggressiveness with which we sometimes attacked our problems."

"You need your dinner," she announced, "but you won't have to wait much longer. Betty will be announcing it in about five minutes now—tea at the latest."

"That's the best news I've heard in a con's age," Dicky replied, as we entered Lillian's wonderful white and crimson living room. "Ten minutes, you say. That'll just give me time to call on the Durkees. We ought to find out if the house we've just sold is still standing, or if it's been burned down."

"You'll be saved all moving expense if it has," Lillian's tone was dry, and I wondered if she harbored the same thought which had come to me—that this note of anxiety for his possessions was new to careless Dicky. I could not shut from my mind the knowledge that Edith Durkee, now a member of the Durkee home.

"Have the honeymooners returned?" I asked carelessly, as Dicky moved toward the hall.

"I don't think so. They were to get back next Saturday the last I hear."

"The last I heard," I repeated the words mentally to myself with an irrefragable little addition—"from whom?" Was it possible that he was corresponding with—the sound of Dicky's voice at the telephone cut short my speculation, and fixed my strained attention upon the hall outside.

"Hello! That you, Edith? What's the matter with your voice?" How well they must know each other's voices! I couldn't help the miserable thought coming to me as I noticed that Dicky had recognized hers at once, and had not deemed it necessary to announce his own.

"It sounded hoarse, that's all," I fancied there was distinct anxiety in his tone. "How's every little thing? Where's her puffiness?"

He paused for her reply, and I stole a furtive glance at Lillian. That she was also listening intently to the one-sided conversation I knew by her face, although her eyes were bent upon the fire in the grate.

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that," Dicky's voice expressed only perfunctory regret, however, and I did not vision any calamity to Mrs. Durkee. "Hope she'll feel better in the morning. No, we're not coming out tonight. Lil met us at the station when we arrived, and corralled us. We'll be out in the morning. But we'll be out in the morning. I suppose the old shack is still standing?"

Another pause, during which Betty appeared at the door of the living room and rolled her eyes backward toward Dicky with distinct disapproval. Think he caught the hint his next words demonstrated.

"Thanks for looking out for it. I'll have to fly now, without even calling Madge to say hello. Betty is announcing dinner, and you probably know what will happen to me if I delay the game. So long. See you tomorrow. Hello, Betty! Do you see how the very sight of you makes me jump for fear you'll disapprove of me?"

Betty grinned widely.

"You certainly are de beat-inest man, Madge," Mrs. Wiggily said. "But your shoah was wise to ring off that telephone. Hain't no time to monkey telephoning when one of my dinnahs is on de table. Dinnah am served, Miss Lillian."

Her voice changed abruptly, as it always does when she announces a social pleasure which may announce moments of Betty's life are when she announces dinner formally to the mistress she adores, and her voice and mien are filled with dignity.

But Dicky knows no law when he is in a hilarious mood.

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nibble!" howled the Bob Cat.

"Well, don't nibble very hard at first, until I get used to it," begged the bunny. Uncle Wiggily shut his eyes, for he didn't want to see his ears chewed, and just as the Bob Cat was drawing him close, all of a sudden there sounded:

"Bang!"

"What's that?" cried the Bob Cat. "Sounded like a gun," said Uncle Wiggily, hoping it was. "Maybe it's a hunter man after you!"

"Pooh! Nonsense! Of course not!" laughed the Cat.

"Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop!" went the noise again.

"Oh, I guess you're right! It is a man with a gun!" howled the Bob Cat. "I'd better run! I'll nibble your ears some other time!" And away ran the bad chap, not hurting Uncle Wiggily at all.

"Wonder who did that shooting?" said Uncle Wiggily to himself, half out loud.

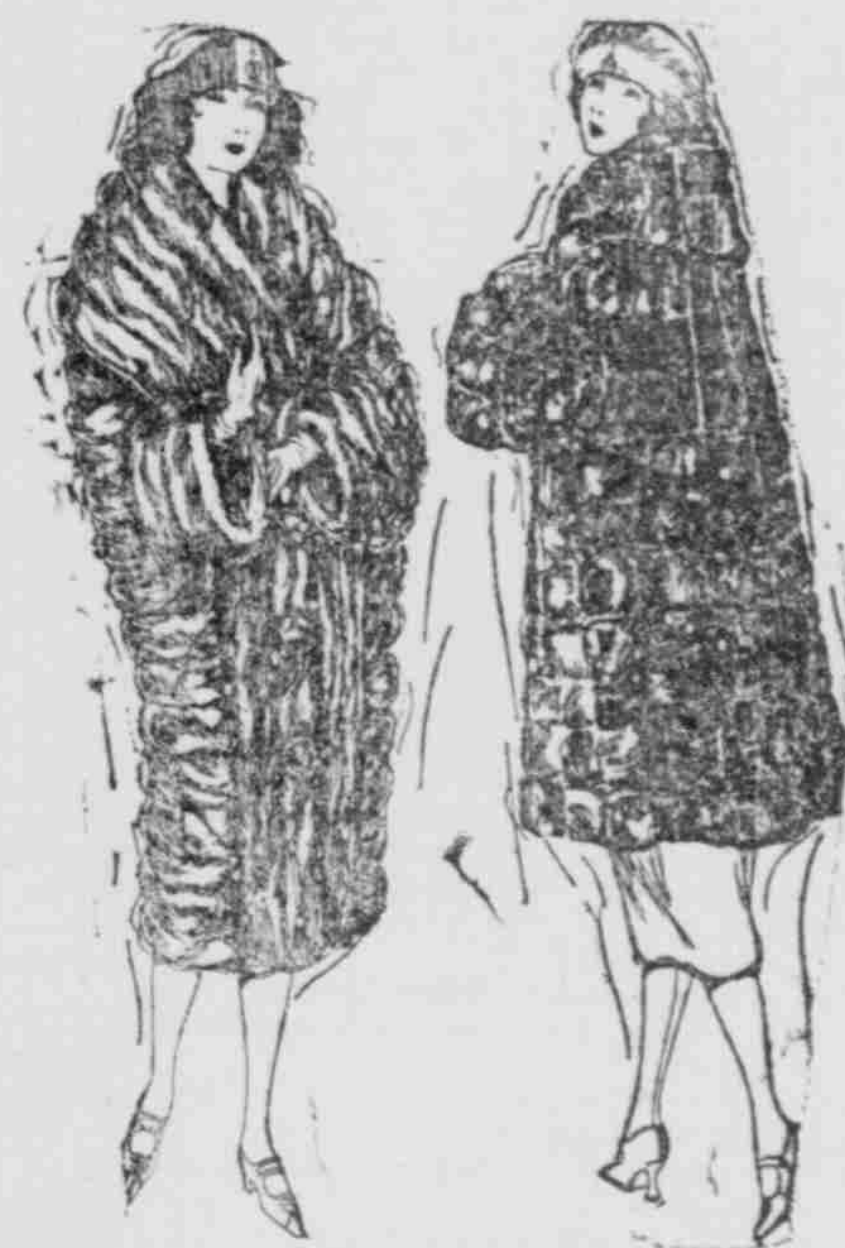
"I did," bleated Billie, the goat, coming from the bushes. "I sneaked off and made a popper out of birch bark, and I popped it and scared the Bob Cat."

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"I'm glad you did!" laughed the bunny. "I guess, after all, it's a good thing you were kept in after summer school, Billie. Now come on and I'll buy you an ice cream sandwich." And he did and Billie ate it.

So, if the doorman doesn't try to jump through the keyhole in the door and tickle the knob with the fuzz, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Floppy's biocyte. (Copyright, 1921.)

ELLSWORTH'S GOLDEN JUBILEE YEAR



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